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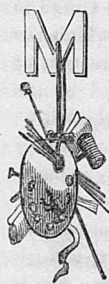
acids of sarcasm, but he never employs them—upon the vitriol-thrower's principle—to gratify any private pique or animosity. His wit is Attic—it never grovels in the basement. It is ever ready to flow—and of its flow he himself is unconscious.

Readiness is one of Saxe's prominent characteristics. Tax him as you will, you will always find him equal to the emergency. As a pretty instance of this quality, let us mention the fact that when he was last in this city, and just as he was preparing to leave, a literary gentleman—one of his warmest admirers—begged his autograph. Saxe instantly seized a pen—literally "the pen of a ready writer"—and dashed off the following impromptu:

My autograph! 'tis pleasant to reflect—  
Although the thought may cost a single sigh—  
That what a banker would with scorn reject,  
Should have a value in a scholar's eye!

The career of John G. Saxe, marked though it has been by glorious achievements and signal honors, has but fairly begun. If kind heaven continues his life and health, his future will be lit by the rays of stars that the world has not yet discovered, and beautified by flowers whose germs have not yet sprouted. Fun does not hold its courts in vain—and it is no mean honor to be its prime minister.

#### ARTHUR F. TAIT.



MR. TAIT, one of our most promising and successful artists, in the field of hunting scenes and game pieces, is of English parentage, being born at Livsey Hall, near Liverpool, on the 5th of August, 1819. At the age of fifteen years he entered the house of Agnew & Ganetti, Repository of Arts.

It was here his tastes for his present profession were developed, though no time was offered for study, his active services in the store being required from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. So strong was the impulse within him to pursue his art, that an arrangement was made with the janitor of the Royal Institution, by which he was admitted at three o'clock in the morning to that institution, where every facility was afforded him for the prosecution of his studies. Having attained considerable knowledge in drawing, he threw up his place in the store, and



Arthur F. Tait.

set up as teacher of drawing, in connection with lithography. His experiences in this field only served to confirm his artistic tastes. He fully resolved to pursue art as his profession and lost no opportunity for study in the studio and field. The "country" of England, barred and double-barred as it is against all "intruders," afforded few facilities for field experience. This determined the artist to make the United States of America his place of residence; and he accordingly came hither in 1850, opening his studio in New-York, where he has since remained.

His bird pieces and hunting scenes soon brought him to the notice of the shrewd picture-dealers, who so well know what is popular as well as good. His first work was sold to Mr. John Williams, of the firm of Williams & Stevens. Through the kind offices of Mr. Williams, the artist was introduced successfully to the public. Goupil & Co. made an early purchase of the "Return from the Woods," which they

had engraved in Paris. It was a very popular and profitable engraving, and served very much to advance Mr. Tait in the appreciation of the lovers of art in this country, where there are *very few* artists who have worked with success in field and game pieces. Two prairie trapper scenes were lithographed by Currier, which proved highly successful to the publisher, and induced the issue of a series—all of which had a large sale.

In 1852 Mr. Tait made the acquaintance of Mr. John Osborn, of New-York, a gentleman of liberal means and fine taste. In him the artist found a generous patron, some of his largest and most powerful pictures being purchased by Mr. Osborn. Among them the large work, "Looking for the Trail," "Still Hunting on the First Snow," "A Slight Chance," &c. These works, exhibited at the Annual Exhibitions of the Academy of Design, attracted considerable notice, and, what is strange, the critics of the press were almost general in



their approbation of Mr. Tait's excellence as a delineator of life in the field and wood. The "notices" of the city papers are, as a general thing, so contradictory in estimate of merit, and so dissimilar in appreciation, as utterly to confound both artist and the public; but our subject has received almost uniform encouragement from that source. We generally advise inquirers to pay no heed to these critical estimates of the writers for the press, because they are the mere *opinions* of persons neither qualified by knowledge of art, nor by the observation of the connoisseur, for giving a reliable estimate of the merits of a painting. The recent "notices" of the Academy Exhibition, for this year, ought to convince the public of the utter impossibility of forming a correct judgment of an artist, or his works, through the dicta of the press. Mr. Tait is fortunate in having appeared favorably to these writers; but his true reputation rests upon his works alone, which are regarded by really competent critics as the best of their class yet produced in this country.

"The Bear Fight," in possession of Mr. Campbell, of New-York, is a large and spirited painting, executed by Mr. Tait some three years since. It shows how closely the artist has studied nature, generally and anatomically. Every summer, for several years, he has spent in the depths of the vast primeval forests of Northern New-York, trapping and gunning after the true back-woodsman fashion. Many a tale of adventure attaches to his wild-wood experience; but, what is of more moment, many are the sketches which these experiences with deer, and bear, and moose, have given to his portfolio. We understand it is the artist's purpose to visit the Far West, where, by domesticating with the Indian, he may become the more fully acquainted with aboriginal and forest life, and thus glean the knowledge necessary for the elaborate and original works to which he proposes to devote his best powers. It is only by such study that any artist can fully succeed. The mere studio artist may paint faces, but he cannot paint anything else. Study of a tree is as necessary to paint a tree, as the study of a face is necessary to paint its portrait; and the artist who has not spent days and weeks and months together, in the study of the realities and phenomena of nature, cannot succeed in reproducing nature or her effects. The force of this fact Mr. Tait most fully appreciates. Not

only does he study through his summers in the forests, but, through his spoils of deer-antlers, heads and legs—of birds carefully preserved and cunningly grouped as they were caught in covey; of mosses and grasses and leaves: he carries nature home with him to be his constant companion. Such devotion to study must bring its own great reward.

Mr. Tait works rapidly, but not carelessly. His exquisite bird-pieces are in great demand, and worthily so; for we know of no little paintings more calculated to give pleasure. Take the quail-chicks in their home of prairie grasses, fighting for the strawberry, or basking in the shade, and they are not more life-like than upon the canvas of our artist. It is not the quail alone that is there, but an expression and language which beautifully interpret Nature for us. We shall try and secure a series of these gems for our coming collection, feeling that it would not be complete without them.

#### ALICE CARY.



MISS ALICE CARY, so eminent in letters and so beloved as a writer, is a native of Ohio—a State which has produced many men and women of real literary eminence. She was born in Hamilton county, in April, 1820. On her father's side she is of Huguenot, Puritan and Revolutionary blood. During the persecution waged against those of the Protestant faith in France, during the latter part of the 16th century, Walter Cary and wife and son fled to England for protection. The son, who bore the name of his father, was liberally educated at one of the Universities of England. He emigrated to America soon after the first settlement of Plymouth, locating at Bridgewater, sixteen miles distant from the parent colony. Here he essayed the office of teacher, opening a "grammar-school"—the first in America. Walter had seven sons. One, John, settled at Windham, Conn. He had five sons, the youngest, Samuel, being great-grandfather to Alice and Phoebe Cary. Samuel was liberally educated at Yale College, and studied

medicine, practising in Lyme, Conn., where, in 1763, the grandfather of the sisters was born. He was one of the "young men" who "flew to arms" in the great contest for liberty, having enlisted at the age of eighteen, in the Revolutionary army, serving and suffering much on the Northern frontier. After peace he emigrated to the North-western Territory—locating, at length, in the "Clovernook," which Alice has characterized with great beauty and originality. There the father of Alice now lives, an honored and noble gentleman of the old New-England School. Of her mother, who is long since dead, she writes: "My mother was of English descent—a woman of superior intellect, and of a good, well-ordered life. In my memory she stands apart from all others, wiser and purer, doing more and loving better than any other woman."

It was in "Clovernook" that Miss Cary passed all the years of her life, up to 1850. Consequently her educational privileges were small. But, to one of her constitution, "schooling" does not all consist in the ordinary routine of study. The experiences of daily life are "food for thought;" and that she has used these experiences, hard as they have been, for her mental development, all will realize who are familiar with her works. She had an elder sister, her early companion and director, to whom she thus refers: "A beloved sister shared with me in work, and play, and study; we were never separated for a day. She was older than I, more cheerful and self-reliant. I used to recite to her my rude verses, which she praised; and she in turn told me stories of her own composing, which I at the time thought evinced wonderful ability; and I still think that sister was unusually gifted. Just as she came into womanhood—she was not yet sixteen—death separated us, and that event turned my disposition, naturally melancholy, into almost morbid gloom. To this day she is the first in memory when I wake, and the last when I sleep. Many of my best poems refer to her. Her grave is near by the old homestead, and the myrtles and roses of my planting run wild there." Then followed years of loneliness which few can appreciate who have not been similarly endowed mentally, and similarly circumstanced. She says: "In my memory there are many long, dark years of labors at variance with my inclinations, of bereavement, of constant struggle and of